Fragmenta Carceris:

OR,

The KINGS-BENCH SCUFFLE;

WITH THE

HUMORS of the COMMON-SIDE.

THE KINGS-BENCH LETANY, and the LEGEND of Duke *HUMPHREY.*

By *Samuel Speed*, a Member of that Royal Society.

Are they at it?

The Devil part 'em.

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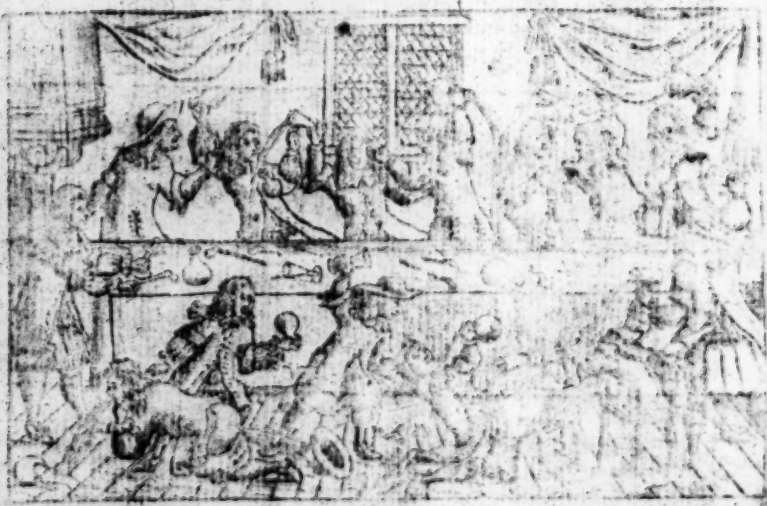

To his worthy Friends, the Ingenious Gentlemen-Prisoners, within the Confines of the *KING'S-BENCH.*

SIRS,

SInce the People of the World imagine ye to be Prisoners, I shall endeavor to offer my Instructions, how you may convince them of their Errors: Study how to be content; so though you change your place, your Fortunes are the same; ye alter the Habitation of your Bodies, for the better enjoying the tranquility of your Minds. He is truly Noble, *that knows how to rejoyce in Crosses, as well as in Contents; that will not think of Desperation, nor be urged with Impatience. The Body of a Wise-man, is a House unto the Soul; but to the Ignorant, a Prison: For the Discontented-man is a Slave to his own Humors, and a Prisoner in a double Sense. Nor can the Soul of a Discreet-man be confined, more than the windy Breath of* Boreas; *or as easie is it to shut up the bright Beams of Light within a Chrystal. No Prison in the World, be it famous, or infamous, can be so deep, as to bury; so dark, as to blind; so strait, so crooked, so narrow, as to bind the* Genius *of a Wise-man: For* Wisdom *is the Wing of the Soul, that bears it not only out of Prison, but to all the parts of the Terrestrial Globe. A continuation of which happiness, is heartily wished by*

(GENTLEMEN)
Your Friend and Servant

Samuel Speed.

On his Friend Mr. *Samuel Speed*, and his *Kings-Bench* Scuffle.

ARe Prisons now made Offices of Wit?
'Tis more than strange, but true that thou hast writ
Without the help of Books, as if for th'nonce
Fate did decree that thou shouldst study stones.
Couldst thou not find a trusting *Aristotle?*
Nothing to feed thy Muse, but *Bub* and *Bottle?*
Yet thy smooth Lines carry such gentle strains,
That not torment, but recreate the Brains.
In Writings certainly those best must be,
That freely suit with each capacity.
What can *Encomiums* add unto thy Fame,
Since thou hast got a Monumental Name,
Left by thy Grandsire; one that will out-last
The Iron Teeth of *Time*, or *Fames* loud blast?
His *Chronicle's a Pyramid* to thee,
And thou art Great, though *Speeds Epitome.*

William Shelden.

THE

THE KING'S-BENCH SCUFFLE.

IT is not of the force of Bulls,
Or of those Heroes break their Skulls
I'th' *Bear-Garden*, nor else of Trulls,
as *Phillis*,
Chloris, the fairest Nymphs as may
Be prick'd up in a Summers day,
By Gallants that adore an *A-*
marillis.

Nor do I sing of Butter-flies,
Or of the screeks, and horrid cryes
Of dying Pigs, or chatt'ring Pyes:
For know ye,
To hag my Muse at such a rate,
Would make me with my self debate:
For too too much is such a state,
below me.

The Kings-Bench Scuffle.

But mind my Tale ye Champions all,
For I am to relate a Brawl,
The like did never yet befal
in *Kings-Bench.*

It lately hapned th'other day,
That there began a horrid fray,
And 'twas about (as people ſay)
a thing's Wench.

So mean a Rat, that you'd have ſwore,
His Jade muſt be a *Common Whore,*
Or ſhe'd ne'er fancy ſuch a Boar-
iſh Fellow.

But ſay the Girl was Whore enough,
And ſtrongly ſmelt of Kitchin-ſtuff,
Yet ſhe had Vizard-mask, and Muff
was yellow.

To ſet her perſon forth would be
A task of ſmall felicity;
Nor need it, ſince they did agree
to love well.

Though ſome would call the Lady *Punk,*
Some hold their Noſe, as if ſhe ſtunk,
Yet theſe two Lovers would be drunk
above well.

One

One time unhappily it chanc'd,
That ſome upon her Credit danc'd,
At which her brisk Gallant he pranc'd
profoundly.

With Pots, and Pipes, he made retreat,
With all his force to do the feat,
He flung, and did another beat
moſt ſoundly.

The Flaggons flew about amain,
Much Blood was ſpilt, but no Man ſlain:
So that the *Scuffle* was in vain,
as ſeemeth.

But one more ſtout than all beſide,
Look'd round about, and then he ſpy'd
One ſleeping, but with honor cry'd,
He dreameth.

From whence the World may underſtand,
There's thoſe are ſtout, but can command
Their Paſſions with the beſt o'th' Land:
For know it.

If any he dare be ſo fell,
Raſhly to fight in hopes to quell,
Fame's Trumpet wont the ſtory tell,
nor blow it.

Nor is't my place to iſſue forth
The Actions of an unknown Birth,
Though all his Deeds they may be worth
Rehearſal.

Then let us ſing thoſe Praiſes due,
Which from his Valor did accrue:
'Tis pity but they ſhould be U-
niverſal.

He that has rambled through the Halls
O'th' City, ſlept upon its Stalls,
Behold! 'tis he, the ſtony Walls
environs.

As if they did deſign their Jarrs
Should be more cruel than our Wars,
Who call to their aſſiſtance Bars
of Iron.

And well they might with reaſon too,
If my Intelligence be true,
For all (God knows) had much ado
to hold him.

How then ſhall I deſcribe this Man,
Whoſe Deeds a Volume cannot ſpan?
And in my thoughts, there's no Man can
unfold him.

In

In short, some Stories flew about,
(For in the end, the Truth will out)
And those did make his Mistress pout,
and frown too.

With indignation then she swore,
She'd be reveng'd of Rogue or Whore,
Counted her sins, and made the score
abound too.

With Prince, or Peasant, Lord, or Earl,
I venture dare, or Gold, or Pearl,
They never met with such a Girl,
for Valor.

A Girl, and thereby hangs a tail,
Although perhaps 'twas somewhat stale,
Her Tongue I'm sure could all our rail.
And taller.

This our Girl was; yet I'd be loth
For her to lie, or use an oath,
For Nature did her part by both,
so be it.

This Age produces those as bold,
Majestick, strong, or those can scold,
As former Ages did of old,
we see it.

The

The Kings-Bench Scuffle.

The Man with ſilence had incag'd
His Soul, but now he was inrag'd,
And valiantly he would have wag'd
his tatling:
That whereas ſome her Honor ſmutch'd,
(For ſuch like words he always grutch'd
To hear) that none of them had touch'd
her twatling.

One that Pot-valiant was, ſtood by,
And without muſing, gave the lye:
What after hapned, by and by
will follow.

The Woman reach'd a Neighb'ring-Kan,
And flung't at's head: Her loving Man
To buffets fell, and all began
to hollow.

The Woman, as in duty bound,
Seeing him tumbled to the ground,
The other Hero ſhe did ſound-
ly ſcratch him,
The humble Man cry'd, Two to one
Was odds, and ſo lay ſtill to groan:
And to ſay truth, her ſelf alone
would match him.

But

But ſince 'tis paſt, ſo much for that,
Now let's ſome other ſubject chat,
Not of ſome Chit, or little Brat,
but tall Man.

But Reader, this obſerve, Take heed
How you with Giant deal your ſpeed;
For it may chance to coſt indeed
a fall Man.

Have you not heard of *Warwick*'s *Guy*,
That ſlew a World, when none were by,
And can ye then forbear to cry
'tis pity?

But why do we diſcourſe of one,
As if he merited alone?
The *Greeks*, it was, that made to groan
a City.

The ſplendid *Troy* was made forlorn,
Like *Sampſon*'s Foxes in the Corn,
Each merry Greek exalted horn,
to burn 'em.

By merry Greeks, the Learned mean
Fat Uſurers, that are obſcene,
And ſay they'll make their *Debtors lean*,
to turn 'em.

Thus

Thus as advis'd by *Hudibras*,
One Line for Rhime must this time pass,
For Sense the other: For alass
you know well,
We erring Mortals sometime speak,
Or Non-sense, *Latin*, or pure *Greek*,
And Trees too have a silent squeek,
says *Howel*.

But why do we digress so wide?
Hark how they roar o'th' *Common side*,
For to be poor is all their pride,
and merry.
And who more blith, than they are there?
They drink and sing to banish care,
For they are mad, because they spare
the Sherry.
And well they may, for when they get it,
Their stomacks are so sharply whetted,
The Wine would surely be befretted
at thee Boys.
For I have heard 'em make their moan,
When Ale would give 'em leave to groan,
Such Liquor sure was made alone
for we Boys.

The Cellar you may note is dark,
And each ones Eye doth seem to spark
Cle; ev'ry minute cochoes, Hark,
a *Taper*.
The light's come in to ease their thrall,
Commanded by the chief of all,
Whom we in vulgar terms do call
Ale-draper.
When brought and on the *Table* sat,
A Ceremony they begat
In Complements; but note each *Hat*
was pawned.
But *Jack* let's drink, a fart for Po,
We'll drench the Cellar, then we'll go;
Faith come, a match, cry all, and so
they yawned.
Says one, Let's scorn to think of wealth;
A second drinks His Sov'raigns health,
And that goes round, for gone by stealth,
forsake it.
Drink round, cryes one, Boy drink again,
The Act will pay our Debts; for when
We're quite undone, we'll joyntly then
go take it.

The Kings-Bench Scuffle.

A League is made, and all are Friends,
With Promises to make amends
For no Man there hath private ends,
they scorn it.
Their Liquor that is found and strong,
And when there's one that doth prolong
The drinking, this is all their Song,
Come heave it.
Up with't, another cryes, Nay! pish
Man, pull away, and give's the Dish,
For such delays will catch no Fish,
Drink clean Boy.
If I had stowage like a Whale,
O I could tell thee such a Tale,
I'd live on only Smoak and Ale,
and Beer Boy.
Then on the Cup he lays his fang,
And doth it to his Neighbor bang,
With *Let an Creditors go hang*
I say Men.
They all their Contribution pay,
And kill with Curses every way
And in conclusion each doth say
to't *Amen*.

Their Coyn and Credit being crack'd
They all conclude it is no fact
To swear according to the Act,
a stout Book.

To that 'tis time to lift in Earnest
Their Oaths by Rote they will forbear,
For they too long were us'd to swear
without Book.

Nor are they there so void of bliss,
But they can eat, and eating piss,
For nothing there can come amiss
to many.

Sometimes no Knife they have perhaps,
However there are Bones and Scraps
Are ready carv'd to fit the Chaps
of any.

When Din'd, they to the Cellar run:
Says one, Come Brother, charge your Gun,
Here's smoak, there's none beneath the Sun
can mend it.

His Pipe he fills, and all the rest,
Not one did seem with grief oppress,
And each did like a welcome Guest
attend it.

There's no Mans Soul but's large and wide,
They're free, though freedom is deny'd;
From thence 'tis call'd *The Common-Side*:
For all things
In Common lie, and are dispers-
Ed so, I cannot well rehearse
It in the compass of a Verse:
Nor small things.
Are there so much as thought upon:
Their Creditors, though hard as stone,
Whil'st these are singing, sigh and groan
No matter.
They're fools that think a Prison pays;
And while they keep their strict delays,
They do themselves, (instead of praise)
bespatter.
They're Madmen wont be Pris'ners there,
For each ones life is void of care:
Of food they have enough to spare
their Debtors.
Their Charities are grown so large,
Though Rowers, some in Boat or Barge,
They'll stay themselves, but they'll discharge
Abettors.

But

But now a mischief draweth nigh:
Tobacco here is, one doth cry,
But it will surely make us die
the quicker.
If thus we eat, and smoke without
Some moisture: Hogs that feed on Grout,
And are but Swine, yet they no doubt
have Liquor.
One being drunk, could not collogue,
But plainly gave his gen'rous vogue,
Pox on 'em all that sent this *Rogue*
among us.
These cursed tricks he'll never lin,
Till he pays dearly for his sin;
'Stead of *Virginia*, he brings in
Mundungus.
I have two half-pence, says the next;
Another much with passion vex'd,
But yet a man was hugely dext'-
rous frothing.
Cry'd, I've been cutting Pegs all day,
Whilst others at the Grace did pray,
And as it seemeth by my say
for nothing.

Come

Come, since we are all bare of Chink,
This *Moveable* shall purchase Drink,
Here's a *Crevat*, my honest Skink-
er draw some:
But let it be the best, for know,
We mean to pay before we go;
Let not your Drink, dear honest *Jo*,
be nausome.
Two Pots of Beer were strait way brought,
And drank they were, as soon as caught;
That had you seen 'em, you'd have thought
'em Monsters.
However each one did abhor
To be at least behind-hand, or
Dirty; for know, they car'd not for
misconsters.
My *Hat* (cryes one) will yield two Pots,
To which agree the other Sots;
For they most freely take their Lots
as can be.
The last Man drank the bottom up;
With that, says one, I'll have a sup
(Out of a far more chearful Cup)
of Brandy.

To

To purchase half a Pint of that,
His *Coat* was lodg'd with th'others *Hat*;
The Brandy came, and laid 'em flat
as Flounders.

But by and by they rose again
And with one voice they all complain,
That they must be (or *Tapster* slain)
Compounders.

You *Rogue*, says one, with Carrots Sandy,
You brought us damn'd confounded Brandy;
Another call'd him *Jack-a-dandy*;
A third man

Swore at him, call'd him something too,
And said, *He'd beat him black and blew*:
He scornfully replying, *You*,
A Turd-man.

With that a Scuffle did begin,
Nor was there one that car'd a pin,
For broken Pate, or maimed Shin,
which you know

Is common in such Feuds as these:
'Tis better (than to fight) t'appease,
And far more wholsome for ones ease,
by *Juno*.

A Pewter Flagon, not of Lead,
Was straitway flung at *Tapsters* head,
But mist, or else he had been dead
o'th' sudden.
The *Tapsters* courage now was stung,
And searching all the Food among,
With might and main he stoutly flung
a Pudden.
'Twas little less than scalding hot,
One that by order he had got
For some that greas'd the Pottage-pot
when able.
And truly I my self did wish
For that, above the Butter'd Fish,
As being held the better Dish
o'th' Table.
But all were good, for they were drest
Not as a Dinner, but a Feast,
When each Man is a welcome guest
on High-days.
Nor is my zeal so nicely fresh,
To raise disputes 'tween Leg and Leash,
For I can eat, or Fish, or Flesh,
on Fridays.

A Another

Another flung with all his might
An *Artichoke*, but aim'd not right;
For missing *Tapster*, smote the sight
of Woman,

Or Wife to one among the crew,
Although the company all knew
Her well, and that she would be true
to no Man.

However she with batter'd face
When wip'd, began to open case:
People, *quoth she*, if this disgrace
ye suffer,

No Woman shall henceforth appear,
To give her friend a Cup of Beer;
But ev'ry Rascal that is here
will cuff her.

That blunt detracting word did gall
Not only one, but joyntly all,
That on the Woman they befal
with ill words:

As you're a Whore, a common Cheat,
Your Tongue out of your Head we'll beat.
One silent was, for he was eat-
ing *Philberds*.

But at the laſt this mighty Hub.
Bub concluded in virtuous Bub.
As good as ever came from Tub,
or Barrel.

And *Reader*, if thou hadſt been there,
Thou needſt muſt have an equal ſhare
Of courage, that muſt boldly dare
to quarrel.

For to ſay true, I cannot tell,
But it may be the Muſes well,
Of which 'tis ſung, it doth excel
all others.

For they're of ſuch a jovial func-
Tion, that they'd drink until they ſtunk,
And ſwear they'd live and die as drunk-
en Brothers.

I oftentimes my ſelf have ſipt
Until my Legs each other trip'd,
And ſober Vermin call'd me tipt-
led Spend-thrift.

Among the reſt a ſmooth-fac'd La-
Dy, call'd *Sempſtreſs*, did by my fay
Rebuke me, and I anſwer'd, *Ma-*
dam Mendſhift.

Tom.

Tom Segar he more bold indeed,
Faster than I my ſelf made ſpeed
All to be-whore her, till her Needle prick'd her.

At which we did compaſſion take,
And only laugh'd to ſee her quake,
For were it not for her bloods ſake,
we'd kick'd her.

But were it not for Drink, the ſmoke
Might very well the ſtouteſt choke;
And I obſerv'd it did provoke
to ſqutter.

For ſome ſtep'd forth, with faces blew,
To ſpit perhaps, or elſe to ſpew,
Returning with a ſmoothing hew
as Butter.

But let me not miſtake, for ſure
The Muſes never did inure
Themſelves to ſmoke, or could endure
Tobacco.

But here the Parallel may hold,
Our Cellar's fill'd with *Beer* that's old,
But they would fuddle out their Gold
in *Sack* though.

The next in view, is Man of Pegs;
If he can ſtand, will ſtretch his Legs,
Till reeling he has broke of Eggs
a Flasket.

For there is good relief he knows,
Not in his Creditors, or Foes,
But in the Scraps which overflows
the Basket.

With theſe his eager Paunch he fills,
Forgets his Grace, and then he kills,
Not on his Trencher, thoſe are ills
beneath him.

But was it either Louſe or Flea,
Or both perhaps, as that may be,
It matters not, then thinketh he,
bequeath him.

Unto his reſt I think it fit:
Then having eat the other bit,
He takes his Knife, and wipeth it
moſt cleanly;

Sut 'twas upon his Shooes or Hoſe,
Sometimes the inſide of his Cloaths;
For Basket-victuals all Men knows
is leanly.

How:

Howe'er the Fiſh was wondrous good,
Swimming all in a Butter-flood;
Nor could a mortal wiſh for food
much better.

But as 'twould vex a Dog to ſee
A Pudding creep, or go, or flee;
So you may judge it vexed me
the greater.

The names of this ſame Butter'd fiſh
Were *Cods*, and *Maids*, both in a Diſh
Moſt neatly laid, as Heart could wiſh
they ſhould do.

By this ſame Diſh another ſtood,
Eſteem'd by all almoſt as good,
And any one might eat that wo'd,
and could too.

This was no *Counter-ſupper* fight;
Not courage that was ſhew'd at night,
But ſuch as did by day invite
thoſe ſinners

That came to make their mirth ſometimes
With Notes loud as S. *George*'s Chimes,
And knew the punctual hours and climbs
for Dinners.

Now

The Kings-Bench Scuffle.

Now *Mars* inſpire my buſie Muſe,
While I diſcourſe of Cuff and Bruiſe,
Such as this Age doth ſeldom uſe
to hear on.
The Table was bedeck'd with Kan,
With Pots, and Diſhes; but one Man
No ſooner ſate, but he began
to jeer on.
Reflecting on the *Tapſters* face,
Anon bemoans the Womans caſe;
Both taking it for a diſgrace,
like Thunder.
The Diſhes flie all at his head,
Who though a Captain as 'twas ſed,
Fill'd all the People (not b'ing dead)
with wonder.
One takes the Captains part with Mug
In hand, another with a Jug
Meets him, and they with Corniſh hug
do greet each.
But firſt about each others pate
They broke their Pots, then in the ſtate
Of wreſtling, they at any rate
do beat each.

Their

Their number was ſome Twenty-ſix,
No one forbore to ſhew his tricks,
But each does like a Maſtiff fix
on other.

The Room by this time ſwam with drink,
With Fiſh, and Butter, not with Chink;
Whil'ſt each with might did ſtriving think
to ſmother.

Stifle, or Drown his furious foe;
For there 'tis known they made no moe
Of ſlipping when they could not go
th' Liquor.

That being drunk before they were
So daſh'd againſt the *Butts* of *Beer*,
Some cryed out, *O I ſhall ne'er*
be ſicker.

Some that beſt ſcap'd, got up again,
Scratching their heads to eaſe their pain,
Whil'ſt ſome do tipple up the Main
ſo Aley.

That down they tumble in their fits,
Forſake the thoughts of eating bits;
For now alas their tender wits
cry Pale.

To

The Kings-Bench Scuffle.

To ſtudy Plots is no deſign
Of theirs, if they get Ale or Wine;
For they adore the Tub and Vine
ſo highly.

They tipple till theirs heads do ake,
And then their head and heels they ſhake;
Publick Devotions too they make
not ſlily.

When any friend to viſit comes,
And ſends for Wine to whet their humms,
Their voices ſound as loud as Drums
to *Bacchus*.

May that great God be bleſt, cry they,
That thus provides ſuch pleaſant Whey,
O that his Vines for ever may
be-ſack us.

A *London* Citizen was wont
To quarrel with a ſilly——
Ryman, and he was daring blunt
as *Ellis*:

Of whom in ancient Story we
Read how the *Counter-Rats* agree;
That he moſt ſtoutly oft would flee
their Bellies.

The

The Kings-Bench Scuffle.

The Countrey-man howe'er was ſtout,
They box'd and box'd a ſecond bout,
Nor could all Art make him give out
for won day.

It was acknowledg'd 'fore 'em all,
That there was neither great nor ſmall,
Like him could wreſt, or kick the Ball
on Sunday.

The flying Fiſh now march'd about,
Begreaz'd and ſmote the Rabble Rout:
The *Tapſter* had his eyes put out,
to thinking.

But when retreating from his Ground,
He ſearched with care the butter'd Wound:
All people there then plainly found
him winking.

But yet the Fiſh did ſoundly palt,
And which was worſe, the Butter ſalt
Stole in his eyes by (as ſome call't)
a By-blow.

In wrath a piece of Beef juſt hot,
He reach'd as taken from the Pot;
The Beef beſides alas had got
a Fly-blow.

The Kings-Bench Scuffle.

The Dinner ended, e'er it did
Begin; for Men and Meat were hid:
Some ſlept, as drunk; and ſome were fid-
dle fooling.

But not in wrath; for now the fray
Began each ſpirit to allay,
And thoſe moſt hot were ſtept away
for cooling.

But ſome more wiſe than all the reſt,
Though thinking to have ſpoke in jeſt,
Cry out, My Friends, but where's the Feaſt
ſo pleaſant?

With that each doth his corner ſearch;
One that above the reſt was arch,
Produces a moſt lovely *Pearch*
and *Pheaſant*.

Another cryes, See here you Thief;
Here's that will give us all relief;
It was indeed a piece of a *Beef*
with *Muſtard*.

Still as they ſearch'd, they ſomething found,
Enough to make freſh healths go round;
One finds be-batter'd on the ground
a *Cuſtard*.

One

One finds a Fiſh all black as Sut,
Another finds an Eel whoſe Gut
Was trod to nought, and all the *But-*
ter vaniſh'd.

Well, now they left their humors mad,
They all ſhook hands, and none were ſad;
But drank and fed, as if they had
been famiſh'd.

The Lady that began the fight,
They hug'd, and kiſt, to do her right;
And ſhe as pleaſed with delight,
was bonny.

What afterwards they to her did,
When ſtrangers that came in were ſlid,
Since it is fit it ſhould be hid,
pray Con ye.

Unto their Beds they all like Friends,
Promis'd there ſhould be kind amends;
Each one unto his ſleep had ends
to ſhuffle.

Thus *Reader*, you have heard the things
That did befal; for News hath Wings:
And ſo concludes the dreadful *Kings-*
Bench Scuffle.

THE KINGS-BENCH LITANY.

FRom Creditors when cruel grown;
From thoſe that cannot hold their own;
From little Souls that make their moan,
Libera nos Domine.

From Bailiffs, and their crafty ſcent;
From being in a Priſon pent;
From ſtaying till our Coyn is ſpent,
Libera nos Domine.

From running on the Cellars ſcore;
From calling, Will you truſt us more?
From anſwers, You're a Rogue or Whore,
Libera nos Domine.

From thoſe that Juſtice have forſook;
From any Cellar-worms rebuke;
From Dining often with the Duke,
Libera nos Domine.

From

The Kings-Bench Litany.

From thoſe that love to bounce, or thump;
From learning in the Hall to mump;
From paying homage to the Pump,
Libera nos Domine.

From Heathen Cooks that have no Faith;
From Duns that move a Priſoners wrath;
From him that prays, and nothing hath,
Libera nos Domine.

From guilt of any horrid Fact;
From being Citizens that crackt;
From taking of the Ten pound Act,
Libera nos Domine.

From fire (God bleſs us) in a Gun;
From Dungeons deep that ſee no Sun;
From thoſe that from their Waiters run,
Libera nos Domine.

From being overcome by Drink;
From Lodging near a Bog-houſe ſtink;
From having Somacks, and no Chink,
Libera nos Domine.

From asking Food, and be deny'd;
From being unto Goals ally'd;
From being turn'd to th' Common-ſide,
Libera nos Domine.

From

The Kings-Bench Litany.

From turning Day all into Night;
From those in rudeness do delight;
From being sent to th' *Lion white*,
Libera nos Domine.

From Foreign and Domestick Jars;
From being cheated unawares;
From peeping thorow Iron-Bars,
Libera nos Domine.

From Pris'ners that can swear and lie;
From being buried ere we die;
From those that will not hear our cry,
Libera nos Domine.

From living in a lowsie Jayl;
From wanting Drink, or mild, or stale;
From empty Buts that have no Ale,
Libera nos Domine.

From those that will afford no aid;
From mouldy Scraps in Basket laid;
From making Pegs, that humble Trade,
Libera nos Domine.

From Cellar-Clowns that treat us ill;
From their great pride, and little skill;
From Fools that let them have their will,
Libera nos Domine.

From

The Kings-Bench Litany.

From groaning with dejected heart;
From those which weekly feed our smart;
From wishing they may want a Cart,
Libera nos Domine.

From those that seem'd our friends before;
From friends that will be friends no more;
From Slaves that do their Gold adore.
Libera nos Domine.

From Vermine vulgarly call'd Lice;
From those that do delight in Vice;
From Gamesters turn our Bones to Dice,
Libera nos Domine.

From breaking when we may but bend;
From being Sureties for our friend;
From Bonds or Bills, are sharp at end,
Libera nos Domine.

From those that are for Ruine bent;
From being dun'd for Chamber-Rent;
From frowns and threats when Cash is spent,
Libera nos Domine.

From lying in the Middle Ward;
From Chambers that are lock'd and bar'd;
From calling, and cannot be heard,
Libera nos Domine.

From

The Kings-Bench Letany.

From chirping in a Neſt of Chips;
From wanting Beds to lodge our Hips;
From thoſe whoſe Staves begin with Tips,
Libera nos Domine.

From thoſe that Harlots keep, or wed;
From Wooden Blocks to reſt our head;
From all, or any *Kings-Bench* Bed,
Libera nos Domine.

From ratling Chains that make a noiſe;
From Swearing, Curſing, Ranting Boys;
From Huffs, that are indeed but toys,
Libera nos Domine.

From ſobet Slaves, that ſit and whine;
From all dull hearts that do repine;
From thoſe that have not hearts like mine,
Libera nos Domine.

From Scoaring till we're over Boots;
From tricks the Lawyers learn in Moots;
From Hues and Cries, and freſh Purſuits,
Libera nos Domine.

THE

THE LEGEND OF THE Thrice-Honorable, Ancient, and Renowned Prince, HIS GRACE HUMPHREY,

Duke of S. *Pauls* Cathedral Walk, Surveyor of the Monuments and Tombs of *Weſtminſter*, and the *Temple*, Patron to the Perambulators in the *Piazza's* in *Covent Garden*, Maſter of *Kings-Bench* Hall; and one of the *Colledges* Honorable Privy Counſell.

AMong thoſe Tales that Story doth repeat,
I find not one that doth of *Hunger* treat,
That may compare to ours, His Grace the *Duke*:
Hath daily giv'n to All a juſt Rebuke.
His Glories we in ancient Stories read,
How, and with whom His Grace was pleas'd to feed:
Not with Ambaſſadors, who came to view
Thoſe rarities they heard of, never knew:
Nor doth the *Duke* His Invitations ſend
To Princes, or to thoſe that on them tend,
But pays his kindneſs to an *hungry Maw*;
His Charity's his Reaſon, and his Law.
Shall any Mortal then, that knows a Verſe,
Withdraw his Pen, his Bounty to rehearſe?
How many poor diſtreſſed Knights hath he
Freely reliev'd in their neceſſity!
How open is his Table unto all,
To thoſe that come without, or with a call!

Nay, which is more, his *Genius* so is bent,
He'd ne'er admit one penny should be spent!
For to say truth, *Hunger* hath hundreds brought
To *Dine with him*, and all not worth a Groat.
Some with their Beads unto a Pillar croud;
Some mutter forth, some say their Graces loud;
Some on Devotion came to feed their Muse;
Some came to sleep, or walk, or talk of News.
For though they came to dine, they loathed Meat;
For many had almost forgot to Eat.
My self oft-times did at his Table sit,
When neither I, nor others eat one bit.
But come they did, or else they'd been to blame;
To pay their duty to the *Duke*, they came:
And of their visits. since they came in love,
His Grace did daily thankfully approve.
Some came with jingling Spurs instead of Chink,
For that was melted on their Mornings Drink;
And drink they must; I never yet knew one
Could quench his thirst with reading Dr. *Donne*:
Nor is it easie for a common Eye
To draw the substance of an Elegy:
Nay some, though old, could sooner eat a Staff,
Than suck the Marrow of an Epitaph.
Some came with Rags, scarce hid their Bodies o'er;
Some with foul Cuffs, wash'd but three months before;
Some as dull Lovers, in a silent mood,
Walk'd as if melancholly was their food.
The Learned call them *Amoristi*, a name
As none more frequent in the Book of Fame.
Those Heroes that in upper Regions move,
Grew proud below, 'cause they could live to love;

And

And with aſpiring thoughts, ſtill ſoaring high,
They liv'd, and lov'd, and loving, liv'd to die.
Theſe *Amoriſts*, of whom we now do talk,
Took great delight to trace our private Walk:
With folded Arms, and Hat below his brow,
He ſeems to count his gentle ſteps, or how
Much full of miſery he now is in,
Wiſhing he ne'er had lov'd, or ne'er had been:
Anon bethinks himſelf he did amiſs,
Behold this place *Diana*'s Temple is.
All Profanation ſtraightway hence muſt flee,
Or that great Goddeſs wont propitious be:
Then to a corner, with a ſilent Air,
Addreſſes he to *Venus*, makes in Prayer.
There leave we him, ſtudying a freſh Careſs,
Whil'ſt we preſs on into the croud of Gueſs;
And ſuch a croud was never ſeen before,
To viſit *Dukes*, or to approach their door. (ground;
Some came with Shooes, that fear'd to touch the
Some with half-hoſe, to ſhew their ſhins were ſound;
Some decay'd Scholars, with their Loyns begirt;
Some with half-ſleeves (poor Souls!) but ne'er a ſhirt;
Some ſo attended in their wretched ſtate,
Thouſands did hourly round about them wait;
That Men might ſee, although but ſingle-ey'd,
Like perſons great, they were well fortifi'd.
And well obſerv'd it was, by Men of ſkill,
Their Births were high, on Mountain, or on Hill.
Some even e'er their Dinner had an end,
Would boldly dare to kill their Boſom-friend:
And in that act, this was their uſual cry,
So let Bloodſuckers, and Backbiters dye. (Lawn;

Some came with Cloaks, though thredbare as their
Some came without; for why? they were at pawn;
Some, though they knew their Pockets had no ſtock,
Could talk, look big, and make their Beavers cock.
And well they might; for as in Bed they lay,
The Rats had almoſt eat the Brims away:
For they were ſo well oyl'd with ſtore of fat,
For Roaſt-meat they might paſs with Mouſe or Rat.
Yet though the Brims were ſwallow'd by the ſwarm,
They left the Crowns to keep their Noddles warm;
As if the Vermine modeſtly ſhould ſay,
We know your Births, though fallen to decay:
And did demonſtrate by their knowing Art,
Of Hats, for warmth, Crowns was the chiefeſt part.
Some Pedagogues to ſet their Learning forth,
Diſcourſe in *Latine*, of His Graces worth;
They that could underſtand that tongue might ſpeak,
But all abhorr'd the hideous noiſe of *Greek*.
Perhaps among the croud a Sword was ſeen,
But ruſty grown, in *Holland* it had been:
And he that wore it, walk'd with ſuch a grace,
As who ſhould ſay, My ſteps ſhall ſpeak my race.
A waggiſh Boy not yet diſcreetly grown,
To underſtand the Virtues of the Town,
Walk'd by, but kept at diſtance, as afeard,
Still looking back, and as he look'd, he ſnear'd.
Captain, quoth he: The Captain turns about;
Whoop, Captain, quoth the Boy, and ſo runs out.
The Captain he purſues, as mov'd in wrath,
Makes ſtrong attempts to draw his Weapon forth,
But all in vain: At which, the Captain curs't,
Whil'ſt ſtanders by, with laughing almoſt burſt.

For, as it was afterwards appear'd, his Blade
Had cut its way through *Europe* since 'twas made:
And 'cause for many years it did not peep,
The Captain will'd it might in Scabbard sleep.
Nor was the Captains courage then adust,
For it so deeply was begnawn with rust,
That it defi'd the Rules of Martial Law,
And dar'd the Captain, if he durst, to draw.
The angry Captain cryes, *I could be mad,*
Thus to be ty'd to what I never had.
Just then a zealous Student passing by,
Looking as kick'd from th'*University*,
He gave his grave advice, with whites so ey'd,
As *Nonconformist* much *Presbytrify'd*.
The Captain by his frowns appear'd as vex'd,
Which put the Parson quite beside his Text.
The Guests being met, and all prepar'd to eat,
What next should come, but what they want, their meat?
Much bustling then appear'd, a general strife
There was, contending where to whet a Knife.
The Parson holding forth, said, *'Twas forbid*
In Holy Writ, his Talent should be hid.
Quoth he, *We meet in clusters here to Dine,*
But fasting helps a Man to be Divine.
When pious Cogitations do decay,
'Tis high time then to fast (not feast) and pray.
In former Ages since the World began,
He that could fast, was held an holy Man:
But he that doth delight to feast, when in,
He gluts himself with meat, and drink, and sin.
The poor Man fasts, because he has no meat;
The sick Man fasts, because he cannot eat;

The

The Usurer fasteth, to increase his store;
The Glutton fasts, 'cause he can eat no more;
The Tradesman fasts, his Landlord to inrich;
The Gallant fasts, to cure venereal Itch;
The Lawyer fasts, to gain his Clients cause;
Divines do fast, to study for applause;
Physitians fast, because 'tis for their health;
The Beggar fasts, but when he eats by stealth;
The Hypocrites do fast, to be commended;
The Saints do fast, because they have offended.
And Brethren, since we know we all are sinners,
Now w're here met, let Fasting be our Dinners.
The hungry Captain listned, then cry'd, *Suppose we all now should eat the Parson up:*
He prates of Fasting; by my Coat of Buff,
I'd eat, for I have fasted long enough.
Let those of this your Doctrine have a taste,
That daily feast, while we are forc'd to fast:
And fast we do, till like poor half-starv'd Elves,
We ready are almost to eat our selves.
Long may the Parson on the Subject treat
Of Fasting, but however give us Meat.
Each shrugs his Shoulder, walks from place to place,
Nor could they scarce forbear to blame His Grace:
But some whose judgments deeper far could look,
Would only stamp, and frown, and curse the Cook;
And justly too: For when they all did think
To be well-cram'd with store of Meat and Drink,
The gen'rous *Duke* appear'd, and speaking fair,
Quoth he, *My Friends, fall to, a Dish of Air*
Is all that now our Kitchin can afford:
When next you please to see us, and our Board,

Re

Ye ſhall have Carps, Crabs, Pouts, and ſtore of Rail,
Varieties of Fiſh, at leaſt a Tail.
Expect no Sawce, we'll promiſe no ſuch thing,
Becauſe we know ye all do Stomacks bring.
Much diſcontent ſate on each others brow,
Their food was thin; however none knew how
To ſhew their ill reſentments, but as Men
Well pacifi'd, agreed to come agen.
But ere that happy day was fully grown,
A dreadful Fire conſumes the Kitchin down:
Which Fire began not in His Graces Houſe,
But thither came, and burnt both Rat and Mouſe.
On which the *Duke*, to ſhun a ſcorching doom,
Perambulated to *Ben Johnſon's* Tomb,
Where *Shakeſpear, Spencer, Camden*, and the reſt,
Once riſing Suns, are now ſet in the Weſt:
But ſtill their luſtres do ſo brightly ſhine,
That they invite our Worthies there to dine,
Where their moiſt Marbles ſeem for grief to weep,
That they, but Stone, ſhould ſacred Relicks keep:
And ſome have fancied that they've heard them ſing,
within this place is Aganippe's *Spring.*
There our ingenious Train have thought it fit
To change their Diet, and to dine on Wit.
Firſt with a free conſent they all combine
To pay their viſits unto *Cataline*,
By whom a Damſel ſtil'd *The Silent Woman*,
Stands in her rich attire, the like by no Man
Was ever yet beheld; and 'tis her due
To ſtand near him, b'ing fair, and ſilent too:
For if ſome Ladies ſtood but in her ſtead,
Their Clappers would go nigh to wake the dead.

Hardi

Hard by this famous Dame, with well-grown Locks,
Behold an ancient well-experienc'd Fox,
Plac'd as a grave adviſer, who with care
Cryes out, *O rare* Ben Johnſon *lieth there.*
Next day His Grace, and all his Gueſts ſo trim,
Do *Shakeſpear* find, and then they feaſt on him.
For two ſuch Diſhes at one ſingle meal;
Would like two Thieves into the Senſes ſteal;
And ſuch a Surfeit cauſe, that by their pain,
They'd judg'd unſafe to feed on Wit again.
Our *Duke* by this time ſpies a *Fairy Queen*,
And as a Man ſurpriz'd with Fits o'th' Spleen,
Such ſtrange infuſions did his Paſſions move,
That he muſt live to dote, or die in love.
Her to behold, is to be blind, or frantick;
To ſpeak her Fame, would ſeem as if Romantick.
Her eyes ſhoot Darts, which at the heart you'd feel,
Who like *Achilles* Lance, both hurt and heal.
By which, the World may judge His Grace had skill
In Beauties, finding out thoſe eyes that kill.
The great *Apelles* was for Painting rare,
Yet never drew a Beauty half ſo fair.
Art may contrive a curious *Golden Fleece*,
But this *Fair Queen* is *Natures* Maſter-piece.
If Beauties may be made with Painting o'er,
What may Art make of what was fair before?
Have you not in the Morning firſt of *May*,
Obſerv'd the Countrey Laſſes freſh and gay:
Or a fair Shepherdeſs with Garlands crown'd,
With other Nymphs to dance the Maypole round?
As *Phillis*, *Amarillis* bright, and *Chloris*,
Excelling Beauties; and there many more is.

Or

Or have you heard of the *Arcadian* Dame,
The fair *Parthenia*, whose immortal Fame
'Bove all that we have nam'd, may bear the sway:
But this our Queen is Lady of the *May*.
To gain acquaintance with this Lady bright,
He thinks it meet some Doxies to invite.
Next day came tripping in a light-heel'd Girl,
Adorn'd with Ribbons, Paints, and Bastard-Pearl.
We need not speak of either Feet or Legs,
Her face seem'd 'nointed with the yolk of Eggs.
Slily into the company she slid,
A colour having got for what she did.
Some blam'd her, saying, *Sinners us'd to Paint*:
Others reply, *But she's a seeming Saint*.
Nor was there want of Pocket-Pickers there,
Nor Lifters of the careful Tradesmans Ware.
Old *Chaucer*, who though sickly, full of ails,
From hence collects a Book as full of Tales.
His Neighbor *Drayton*, who was his *Amoris*,
Studying to write *Encomiums* on *Authoris*.
The Learned *Camden*'s Gravity appear'd,
At which they starting, seem'd as if they fear'd.
One that was grown more crafty than the rest,
Beclouds their fear with this invented Jest;
Hither we come, and in the end perhaps
Our entertainment shall be nought but scraps:
Then let us take a taste of these Remains,
And so depart; *the* Duke *a slighting feigns.*
Mean time His Grace, whose Passion still grew high
With pangs of Pensiveness, was standing by;
Musing, not minding either Guests, or Meat,
His Bulie-brain allow'd no time to eat:

With ſtarv'ling Body, and with ghaſtly look,
He ſeem'd more like a Devil, than a *Duke*.
His Eyes grew gogled, Cheeks were pale and wan;
Sometimes he ſighs, anon doth curſe and ban.
Preſently afterwards is heard to cry,
O that I had not lov'd, or now could die!
Finding no anſwer to each kind addreſs,
And that ſhe would not love for love expreſs;
He with himſelf reſolves when ſtronger grown,
To move from thence with thoughts to ſee the Town.
Then to the *Gatehouſe* went, as neareſt to him,
Where he no ſooner came, but divers knew him.
A Flock of Wretches do His Grace environ,
All lin'd with Vermin, ſome with Chains of Iron.
After ſome mutual Complements were paſt,
His Grace to *Covent Garden* maketh haſte:
For ſome there were that for His Grace had ſtaid,
And till he came, at Poſt and Pillar plaid:
And that I briefly may their worth expreſs,
Theſe the gentileſt were of all his Gueſts:
Only a faculty they had to curſe,
To Rant, and Huff, like Gyants: Nay, what's worſe,
They'd Ramble all the Night, and Windows break,
Then in a croud to the *Piazzaes* ſneak.
Some Whore away their Coyn, and then with grief
They humbly come, and beg the *Dukes* relief:
And ſwear *God-dam-'em* they His Grace will ſerve,
And for his ſake they'll even ſtarve.
The *Duke* return'd his thanks you well may think,
But would however ſtay with none to drink.
Then to the *Temple*, *Lincolns-Inn*, and *Grays*,
He walks, but yet at none of either ſtays:

For

For his reſolves were now for *Newgate* bent,
Where ſome of his acquaintance faſt were pent.
Firſt to the Maſter-ſide without delay,
His Grace thought fit he ſhould his viſit pay.
Having with buſie eye the Rooms ſurvey'd,
He call'd the Nurſe, one that was once a Maid:
And having ſhewn her where the Cobwebs hung,
He chid her, and in wrath away he flung:
Shook hands with ſome whom he of old had knew,
And only cry'd, *we're glad you're well, adieu.*
Some that ne'er knew him, might perhaps ſuppoſe
Him noble by his Title, and his Cloaths:
Both were grown ancient, and could juſtly vie
With any Dukedom for Antiquity.
But thoſe that did expect they ſhould behold
Some gallant complements in yellow Gold,
Were much miſtaken; for the *Duke* ne'er went
To viſit any one with ſuch intent:
For he ne'er lov'd to ſuffer caſh ſo near him, (him.
For which ſome wags behind his back would jeer
Now to the Felons Jayl he bends his march,
Where being come, one that was chiefly arch
Accoſted him in complemental ſtrain:
Whereat the *Duke* forthwith vouchaf'd to deign
An anſwer; What it was I've quite forgot,
But as I gueſs, 'twas either ſenſe, or not.
For divers Friends he ask'd, but heard no more,
But only they were hang'd a while before:
But one whoſe skill was far above the reſt,
Approach'd the *Duke*, and thus himſelf expreſt.
Great Duke, *although your ancient Gueſts are fled*
From hence, their craft doth live when they are dead:

For know, this Leſſon one hath left behind,
Hear it, and judge, as you the truth ſhall find.
Cheats are the maintenance of ſmall and great;
A Priſon, like the World, is but a Cheat;
The Merchant-man the Cheat by wholeſale plays;
The Shopman cheats in ev'ry word he ſays;
The Victualler cheats in Reck'nings, and in Froth;
The Clothier, and the Draper, cheat in Cloth;
And when they do ſo, boldly will retort;
The Taylor cheats, and pleads a Cuſtom for't:
If a young Heir ſhall run upon his ſcore,
when once he pays, he pays the worth twice o'er.
The Stationer cheats both Lawyers and Divines;
The Vintner cheats with brewing of his Wines;
The Husbandman, and he a man would think
Hath ſcarcely Brains enough to covet chinck,
He ſells his Corn, and if the Mould it lack,
He knows to cheat by virtue of his Sack.
The Handicraftman, true, he taketh pains,
But he will cheat, rather than miſs his gains;
The Prieſt will Preach one Sermon oft-times o'er;
The Lawyer cheats as faſt as all before;
Phyſitians too, the cheating Art have found
In falſe Applies: And ſo the Cheat goes round.
In ſhort, the Countrey doth the City cheat,
'Twould be too tedious to deſcribe the feat;
The City too as briskly cheats the Court;
Thus all are Cheats, O here's brave cheating ſport!
Cheat thou for me, cryes one, I'll cheat for thee:
Thus do the Cheaters lovingly agree.
The only way for any to be great,
Or get preferment, is to be a Cheat.

The

The honeſt Man that loves not worldly pelf,
Rather than break the number, cheats himſelf.
The Jaylors cheat, by taking unjuſt Fees;
The Priſ'ner too, he cheats as faſt as theſe;
The Creditor, whoſe malice is grown great,
Seizes on all, and doth the Priſ'ner cheat:
O deſp'rate Fates, what hazards do we run,
We muſt be naught, or, to be juſt, undone!
The *Duke* with ſilence heard, and patient ſtood,
Then took his leave, to viſit old King *Lud*;
Who having ſeen, he unto *Bridewel* goes,
Then to the *Counters*, where are ſome that knows
What ſplendid Table 'twas His Grace did keep;
For they went thither not to eat, but ſleep.
The *Fleet* he likewiſe call'd upon, but there
Were few that knew the *Duke*, each one did ſtare
Upon His Grace, and cenſures paſt aloud;
For they indeed are generally proud,
And ſo abound with Friends, and ſtore of Coyn,
They'll chuſe to purchaſe, rather than purloyn,
Or with an empty Pocket to intrude
Into the number of a multitude.
For they like Fiſhers with a Silver Hook,
Caught food enough to entertain the *Duke*.
From hence His Grace to *Southwark* bends his courſe,
And to the *Marſhalſey* with eager force
He haſtes, and enters; whence I do divine,
There's many with the *Duke* were wont to dine.
Complements flew like Hailſtones round about,
As if the *Duke*, when in, would ne'er get out:
Forty and odd a circle round him lay,
That to get looſe, 'twas hard to find the way.

Beſides,

Beſides, I've read it in ſome Book or Song,
That each of theſe were twenty thouſand ſtrong;
And I that on His Grace did daily watch,
Obſerv'd the *Duke* did in his boſom ſcratch,
Sometimes in's Codpiece; but I muſt forbear
To be too buſie with his private Ware.
But I can this with modeſty aſſure,
To ſcratch, or itch, the *Duke* could ne'er indure:
And whether in that croud he Vermin got,
Or Crablice had before, I know it not:
Much honor for the *Duke* they joyntly own,
Talk freely with him, as if wealthy grown.
However, though they are with plenty fill'd,
Alms-houſes they have all forſworn to build.
The *Duke* his grave advice beſtows on all,
Bids them be merry, though they are in thrall:
For he himſelf by his experience finds,
Deſpair's the iſſue of ignoble minds.
Thus having ſaid, with eyes about him caſt,
Quoth he, *well Sirs, old Friends muſt part at laſt,*
And Madam Wyat *at the* Kings-Bench *ſtays*
Until I come; beſides, I've divers ways
How to expend my time, and paſs my hours:
wherefore adieu, I was, and ſtill am yours.
Thus having ſpoke, the *Duke* with nimble Wings
Takes flight from thence, unto the *Bench* of *Kings*;
Where having greaz'd the Key, found way to come
Into his Parlor, call'd *The Mumpers Room*,
Where he inquiry made how things did ſtand;
And as it hapned, there was one at hand
Was ſo indu'd with Art, with Skill, and Worth,
To ſatisfie the *Duke* in ſetting forth

Th'affairs

Th'affairs of all the Houſe, and C's the Man,
Who having made obeyſance, thus began.
Theſe Iron Bars a Lecture preach to me,
That there's no Jewel like true Liberty:
For here to be confin'd in ſuch a Cage,
Brings blooming Youth to an untimely Age.
Behold thoſe high-flown Gallants, who of late
Came hither, and their Creditors and Fate
Did both defie, how now they droop and ſink,
Having in Bub and Smoak conſum'd their Chink.
Ungrateful ſlaves, that did profeſs us love,
Now we are in the Grates like Mountains move.
Thoſe that from Cellar unto Cellar jump,
Muſt at the laſt do homage to the Pump:
That Chriſtian Pump, that ſeems to ſigh and moan,
As being conſcious of a Priſ'ners groan.
The Cook-room which ſo oft they did frequent,
They muſt but ſmell to, when their Money's ſpent.
Their Cittadels now on the Maſters-ſide,
wherein they are with th uſands fortifi'd,
They muſt retreat from, quickly as the Summons
(Having no Money) calls them to the Commons,
where they muſt beat their Brains, and cramp their Legs,
In the low livelihood of making Pegs;
where I leave all thoſe wretched Souls to be
Slaves, till Death pays their debts, and ſets them free.
But ev'ry Jayl is Hell; the Nurſe of Evil,
And the grim Jaylor *repreſents the Devil.*
Though to the Fool, the Jayl's a ſeeming Grave,
And Sanctuary to the crafty Knave.
The *Duke* with grave attention lent his Ear,
Seeming to grieve for what he then did hear,

Told

Told all about him, *That whil'st he was able,*
He'd make them daily welcome to his Table.
What did more over-pass, I don't well know,
For I got loose, and they cry'd, *Let him go:*
But any person that hath time to spare,
And fain would see the *Duke*, may find him there:
Where that they might the Great *Dukes* mirth pro-
They entertain him with---- (long,

The Prisoners Song.

COme, let us rejoyce, and our Creditors whine;
That Prisoner's faint-hearted that once doth repine,
Whil'st Ale's in the House, or there's juyce in the Vine.
Then let's not despair for a foregoing Fact
Of running in Debt, for we'll pay by the Act.
Though Fools may imagine our griefs are emergent,
A fart for our Foes, and the Pox take a Serjeant.

Call to the Tapster for Bushels of Liquor,
He's a dull Rascal for coming no quicker:
Not sorrow, but drought 'tis, that makes us the sicker.
And when we have drank up the mass of his main,
We'll stay for recruits, and then drink on again.
Though Fools may imagine, *&c.*

Is any one Member among us oppress?
Then make his Heart float like a Cork in his Breast:
Here's no fear of Bailiffs, nor of their Arrest;
Such Vermin that formerly us'd to torment us,
Had rather be hanged, than now to frequent us.
Though Fools may imagine, *&c.*

FINIS.